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from Captain Hall's very amusing "Travels in North America," published in 1829. He visited, in the month of July 1827, the settlement formed by the Irish emigrants who were sent to Canada at the expense of Government in 1825. There were 2024 settlers sent out, at the total cost of £21 5s. 4d. per head, each family being supplied with provisions for fifteen months, and a hundred acres of land, besides a cow, and other minor aids. They were selected generally as being the most destitute, and incapable of providing for themselves or their families in their own country. Captain Hall entered into conversation with a shrewd old emigrant—but the man took the alarm at his numerous questions, and the agent of the settlement, who accompanied Captain H. begged him, as a favour to tell him how he was getting on.

"What shall I say to the gentleman?" inquired Cornelius.

"Why, Cornelius, tell the truth." "Sure I always do that! But if I knew what the gentleman wanted, I would know what to answer!"

"Well, then, Cornelius," said the Captain, "would you like to be set down in Ireland, just as you were before you came away?" "I would, Sir!"

"Then why do you stay here?" "Och, the boys, Sir—it's the boys."

"What boys, Cornelius?" "Och, my boys, my two sons, like this country very well; they have chopped twenty acres of land, and we have got crops of wheat and oats, and Indian corn, and potatoes, and some turnips—all coming up, and ready to cut—and the boys like their independence. Its a fine country, Sir, for a poor man, if he be *industrious*: and if it wer'nt for the *ague*, a good country, and a rich one, too; though to be sure, its rather out of the way—the roads are very bad, and the winter very cowl'd; yet there is always plenty to eat, and sure employment, and good pay for them that like to work."

Captain Hall then remarked that he was in a very good way, and ought to be grateful to them that sent him out, when he exclaimed, "for all that, I might have done very well in Ireland!"

"Why the plague, then, did you come out here?"

"Och, Sir," said Cornelius laughing, "the boys, the poor boys, Sir. Their mother—may she rest in peace—I buried her long ago, and I said I would never put another woman over them. So you see, Sir, the boys would go, and I would'nt part them, and we all came out, and if it wer'nt for the *ague* and the *bad roads*, and the *hard work*, we would be happy all the day long!"

We think this gives a tolerable fair picture of what emigration is, and what Cornelius's countrymen may expect when they go to Canada. If they put up with the *ague*, bad roads, and hard work, they may in course of time render themselves independent.

### THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

WAKE, soldier!—wake!—thy war-horse waits,  
To bear thee to the battle back;—  
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—  
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—  
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,  
And thy red faulchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier!—sleep! thy warfare o'er,—  
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain  
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,  
With summons to the battle plain;  
A trumpet-note more loud and deep  
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

Thou need'st not helm nor curiass now,  
—Beyond the *Grecian* hero's boast,—  
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,  
Nor shrink before a myriad host,—  
For head and *heel* alike are sound,  
A thousand arrows cannot wound!

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,  
With that wild widow'd look she wore  
The day—how long to her it seems!—  
She kiss'd thee at the cottage door,  
And sick'n'd at the sounds of joy  
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait,  
To hear thy bugle on the blast;  
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,  
And bid her come to thee at last;  
He cannot tell a sadder tale  
Than did thy clarion on the gale,  
When last—and far away—she heard its lingering  
echoes fall!

### APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

In our first number we took the liberty of giving a story from *Lover's Legends*, with a notice of the book, which to our certain knowledge induced more than one individual to inquire after it; in our second and third numbers we have presented an abridgment of the "Landlord and Tenant;" and for both of these high and mighty offences we have been persecuted by a species of petty annoyance, and "*the Law*," is hung over us, like the sword of Damocles threatening to nip asunder the slender thread of our Penny existence! "One man may steal a horse, when another dare not look over the hedge;" so saith the proverb, and so we have reason to believe. But the crime laid to our charge is—selling for a Penny what cost some people Pounds, and thus living at five terms on the expenses and anxieties of others. We deny it, and say that not one in five thousand readers of our Journal would ever have known of the existence of such productions but for our little Pennyworth. It has been too much the case in this country, that when a spirited literary speculation was set a-going, jealousy has closed upon it, and endeavoured to "trip it up." Yet all the while, they "manage these things better," in England—*whole* stories from the same book of *Legends* are extracted by "Story-tellers with Embossed Heads," and our very diligent and very active friend, Mr. Chambers, does not scruple to help himself to a slice of the same pudding; and when the "National Magazine" was in existence, the only regret of those who wished it success was, *that so few extracts were taken*. The secret lies in this—our *Journal is successful*.

We freely acknowledge the right of literary men to their property, and would be sorry to be guilty of *piracy*: but if what we have done be piracy, then every newspaper in the three kingdoms, every periodical paper in existence, every literary, scientific, or political Review or Magazine is guilty of perpetual, incessant, and audacious piracy. If we are in error, it is in good company; but we are trifling with our readers. We would not take up the matter so seriously, were it not for the odious imputations of parties concerned.

It would be gross ingratitude not to acknowledge that there are some friends whose kind attentions more than counter-balance the annoyance we have received. We cannot take the liberty of publicly mentioning their names; but we can state that Mr. PETRIE—with all the ready kindness of a man and a gentleman—no sooner knew that we were rather at a loss for a sketch to enable us to give a wood-cut along with the article on Carlingford, (which is to appear in our next,) than he instantly and voluntarily supplied the want.

We take this opportunity of telling those who have been so very thoughtless as to send communications by the penny post, that they ought to recollect that we give eight pages for what they severally make us pay for little scraps of paper—a penny. One gentleman sent some valuable old papers, and sent them free too—another gave some valuable books and old MSS. relative to Ireland, from which to make extracts. It is not little trifles in prose and verse we want.

Lastly, to those who complain of our Journal being exclusively Irish, we say, *Ireland* is our *peculiar province*—there are abundance of cheap publications for general literature, and we would not interfere with any of them.

The continuation of the History of Dublin is in type, and visits to the Botanic Gardens, to the Dublin Society House, and other interesting articles are preparing.

We sincerely trust that we will not have occasion, in future, to take up so much or any part of our limited space in mere gossip. But we have been driven, in self-vindication to let the public know the circumstances given above, and to leave them to judge whether we are literary pirates or public benefactors.

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